

# Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. III.

JULY, 1899.

No. 7

## The Message of Peace

By Julia Ward Howe



BEHOLD the din of battle cease!  
Folded be the wings of fire!  
Let your courage conquer  
peace,—  
Every gentle heart's desire.

Let the crimson flood retreat!  
Blended in the arc of love  
Let the flags of nations meet;  
Bind the raven, loose the dove.

At the altar that we raise  
King and kaiser may bow down;  
Warrior-knights above their bays  
Wear the sacred olive crown.

Blinding passion is subdued,  
Men discern their common birth,  
God hath made of kindred blood  
All the peoples of the earth.

High and holy are the gifts  
He has lavished on the race,—  
Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,  
Honor's meed and beauty's grace.

As in Heaven's bright face we look  
Let our kindling souls expand;  
Let us pledge, on Nature's book,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand.

For the glory that we saw  
In the battle-flag unfurled,  
Let us read Christ's better law:  
Fellowship for all the world!

—Sunday School Times

510 \* Tremont \* Temple  
Boston

## "Topics of the Year."

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Mexico.	NOVEMBER.
Chinese.	DECEMBER.

## HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

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JULY, 1899

# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—*THOMSON.*

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## The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

**W**E have received the following item from Miss Carrie V. Dyer, Preceptress of Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va. We hope those who are planning to attend the Convention of Baptist Young People's Union will visit the school, and meet Miss Dyer, who will remain at the school all summer.

### Hartshorn Memorial College.

RICHMOND, VA., June 6, 1899.

*My dear Mrs. Reynolds:*

Will you please say to the young people, through the ECHOES, that Hartshorn will be open during the meetings of the Baptist Young People's Union, and that we shall have on exhibition some school work, and shall be happy to receive calls from those who are interested in the work of the institution.

Hartshorn is 1600 W. Leigh Street, and the auditorium, in which the meetings will be held, is a few blocks west of us.

It is pleasant to be able to record instances in which the law has acted for the protection of the Indian. The daily papers of May 17 record the fact that Peter Roberts, of Bucks County, Pa., has recently been found guilty of giving intoxicating liquor to an Indian, in violation of the act of Jan. 30, 1897, and made to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs for the offence. The boy to whom he gave the liquor was a nineteen-year-old Oneida Indian, a pupil of the Carlisle School, who had previously preserved a good record. The school instituted the prosecution.

THE Women's Home Mission Society has maintained missions in behalf of the Osages, Poncas, Otoes, and Pawnees, in Oklahoma Territory, for a dozen years. One of our missionaries writes: "This country is fast filling up with white people, and they must be saved. However much it may be desirable to save the Indians, the fact remains that the church that takes care of these thousands of white people now pouring into this Territory will be the church to control the country's future. Our mission is to all alike, so when we go into a neighborhood we visit all, without reference to the color of the skin or quality of

clothing. The Catholic Church is expending large sums of money for its mission work in this Territory.

OUR Southern friends who seek to extenuate lynching on the ground that it is the only suitable penalty for the outrage of white women by negroes, will do well to note the fact that President Dreher, of Roanoke College, Virginia, Southern born, and an ex-Confederate soldier, says that of the 127 lynchings of last year, only 16 were for rape, 7 were for attempting it, and 1 for complicity in it, and "since only 9 of these 127 lynchings occurred in the North and West, and only 24 had any connection with the awful crime of rape, it is evident that the South especially must give this matter the most serious consideration."

THE remnant Indians of Upper California should have proper titles to their lands. At one point a gentleman permits them to occupy a corner of his land, but when he dies they may be turned out homeless. A San José lady told the fate of an Indian village, not far from San Francisco, only five years ago. Her home was near, and she often spent days in the village. The Indians were happy, respectable, honest, faithful, and were willing workers, but a railroad company wanted their land and took it. As they had no legal title to it, the village was broken up, and the people were scattered and impoverished. The white man's greed still works.

### Indian Schools.

**I**N the closing days of the Fifty-fifth Congress provision was made for continuing during one more year the Government's contributions to sectarian schools for Indian children. The House, conforming to the plan adopted several years ago for reducing such appropriations annually, until they should cease altogether, made no provision for contract schools on the reservations or elsewhere at the West in the Indian Appropriation bill. The Senate, however, although the period of probation originally contemplated had expired, added to the bill 20 per cent. of the amount allowed in 1895 for such schools. The conference agreement reduced this to 15 per cent., with a provision that this should be the very last appropriation for sectarian schools for the Indians.

## That Indian Outbreak in Minnesota.



WHEN the Indian dares to defend what he supposes to be his rights, in his own crude way, having exhausted his feeble efforts to secure them in the "civilized" way, he is usually termed a "treacherous redskin." But when the white authorities wreak vengeance upon him for daring to assume that he has any rights, the Indian blood that is spilled is always deemed the result of patriotism and exemplary courage. In nearly all Indian uprisings there is to be found in the background the shadow of the white man's misdealings. The late trouble with the Pillager Indians in Minnesota seems to have been no exception to the rule, according to a correspondent of the *Chicago Record*. The battle of Oct. 5, 1898, cost the lives of seven white men and seventeen Indians, with fourteen white men wounded. The causes, which led to the battle, are thus set forth in the *Record*:

"The outbreak was caused by the determination of the Indians to prevent the arrest and punishment of their head chief, who is accused of violating the laws that prohibit the sale of whisky on Indian reservations.

"There has been a great deal of trouble in this particular tribe about the whisky traffic. It had been difficult to make the Indians comprehend why they should be punished for selling whisky to each other, when white men in the villages around are allowed to do so, freely and without interruption. Their 'untutored minds' cannot catch on to the logic of such discrimination, and the license system adds to their perplexity. Eighteen or twenty Indians have been punished for selling whisky to their neighbors, and the neighbors who bought it were taken to Duluth and held as witnesses until the trials were over, when they were released and told to go home. They received their witness fees and their mileage, and most of them proceeded to get roaring drunk on the money. Nobody prevented them from buying whisky in Duluth, and the men who sold it to them were not interfered with, which they consider a rank injustice on the part of the officers of law.

"Bush Ear, the chief who was the principal offender against the whisky laws and regulations, managed to escape arrest when the original raid was made; and he lay low until he thought the trouble had blown over; but the deputy marshal, who was biding his time, caught him when he came down to the agencies to draw the annuities for his people, and endeavored to run him off to Duluth. But the Indians were too quick for him, and rescued the prisoner. They were not only impelled by loyalty to their chief but by a sense of injustice arising from the circumstances I have described. The regulars were sent to assist the local authorities in arresting and bringing in all the offenders, with the result above stated."

The *Independent* gives a further detail of the causes of grievance which these Pillager-Chippewas have suffered at the hands of the government's servants and their favorites. We quote a few paragraphs:

"In 1889 a commission negotiated with the Chippewas for the cession of all their lands in Minnesota, except the

Red Lake and White Earth reservations, and also of so much of those reserves as should not be needed for allotments. The Indians, who were not then living at Red Lake or White Earth, were to have the option of removing to White Earth and receiving allotments there, or of taking allotments upon the ceded lands; special inducements in the way of houses, cattle, and implements were held out to those who should remove.

"The Pillagers, as a whole, entered reluctantly into this agreement, and many stoutly opposed it. The leaders of the opposition were the band, numbering about 400, which lived on or near Bear Island—an island toward the northern end of Leach Lake, about a hundred yards from the mainland, ten miles from the sub-agency, and twenty-five miles by water from the town of Walker, which is just off the reservation on the southern shore of the lake. Isolated, independent, and heathen—not one of them has accepted Christianity—they have watched with bitterness the wasting away of their possessions. For some years they refused to accept any cash annuity, though lately they have taken it. What irritated other Chippewas incensed them.

"The principal argument which induced the Indians to sign the agreement was the provision that the proceeds of the sale of all their valuable pine should be divided equally among them all after deducting expenses of estimating and sale, cost of removing and allotting Indians, pay of commissioners, etc.

"It would be hard to find a more iniquitous proceeding than the estimating of that pine, first under the Harrison and then under the Cleveland Administration. Half of the twenty-six estimators employed at \$6.00 a day knew nothing whatever of the business. They made up their reports from guesses, or from the estimates of others, or carefully under estimates in the interests of the lumbermen. Much of their time was spent in carousing and gambling in camp and in the neighboring towns. A report of an investigation published by Congress shows that the second fraudulent estimating cost \$150,000, and that the underestimated tracts had all been sold while those correctly estimated remained unsold. The estimating is now being done for the third time, and for the third time the Indians must foot the bills.

"The commissioners appointed to remove and allot Indians expended in three years and eight months \$145,000, more than half of it in salaries.

"For many years, under the wretched fee system, deputy marshals have made fat livings by arresting Indians as liquor drinkers or witnesses, bringing them before the courts, and then collecting fees for serving papers, mileage, etc. Hundreds of Chippewas have thus been taken to St. Paul. Sometimes the liquor was furnished by the very one who made the arrest. The object was not to suppress but to increase liquor drinking, and the whole proceeding would have been a farce if it had not been an outrage. However, since deputy marshals have been given salaries instead of fees this evil has been lessened.

"One or two years ago an old man of Bear Island was taken to Duluth in some liquor case, and when the deputy marshal had no further use for him, he left the Indian to foot and beg his way home, 200 miles, as best he could. The next time he was wanted he was unwilling to go; his



## Home Mission Echoes

friends stood by him, and they, in their turn, were served with warrants for resisting a United States officer. Later they were prevailed upon to deliver themselves up, and were let off with slight punishment.

Probably few agencies have suffered more from political appointments than has the White Earth Agency. Agents have been changed with every administration, and during a long series of years most of them have been inefficient or worse, have made no attempt to elevate the Indians, or even to break up drinking, gambling, and vice of all kinds; and sometimes they have gone so far as to encourage the wild, demoralizing Indian dances, against the express prohibition of the Indian office. Indirectly, the dead soldiers of Minnesota, like many of their fever-stricken comrades of Southern camps, may be considered victims of the spoils system."

W. N. G.

### Atoka Baptist Academy.

IMAGINE sixty Choctaw boys and girls in one home, at least half of them not knowing a dozen words of the English language. Such is the "Home" of Atoka Academy, when school opens in the fall. These boys and girls are orphans. They have neither father nor mother. They have lived with an uncle, grandmother, or, perhaps, a married brother or sister. Usually, at best, their home has been a rude one-roomed log-cabin in the woods. Sometimes a child is found who does not know what it is to hear a kind word, but is accustomed to hear commands enforced by threats and blows.

Now these ignorant orphans are taken into the "Home," and they are loved and cared for bodily, mentally, and spiritually. They are neatly dressed in warm, comfortable clothing. They learn to look upon the Academy as their home, and very many of them do not care to return to their old homes even for vacation.

If you could see them in tatters when they first come to the school, the girls with slovenly dresses and red handkerchiefs tied round their heads; then, if you could see them six months later, you would not know them, and you could realize something of the change that is wrought in these children.

Instead of dragging their feet along, they have learned to walk lightly, and to attend to their work at the right time and in an orderly way.

As a rule, the girls learn to speak English more readily than the boys do. The boys are so afraid that some one will laugh if they make a mistake. The boys care for the stock, cut and haul wood to the Academy, raise the garden, and do some farm work and carpenter work, aside from their school-room work. The girls learn to do all kinds of house work,—cooking, sewing, mending, and ironing. They also can fruit and raise all kinds of poultry.

This year we have had a great deal of sickness in the Home, and some of the girls have proved themselves to be very efficient nurses.

BLANCHE WILLIS.

Atoka, I. T.

### The Caddo Indians.

THIS tribe is settled on the north and west parts of the Wichita Reservation. There are about five hundred members all told, and they have two prominent chiefs, "White-Bread" and "Jake," through whom all their business is transacted. Two years ago, the writer, accompanied by "Caddo George," approached these chiefs on the subject of building a church home for their people. Their consent was readily obtained. The following June, at our Territorial Convention, Caddo George was allowed to speak, and pleaded for help for his long-neglected people. Mainly through the instrumentality of Dr. J. S. Murray



CADDO CHAPEL.

and Rev. N. B. Raiden, the matter was brought before the Home Missionary Society, and last November, an appropriation of \$450 from the Christian Endeavor Fund was sent to the writer, with which to begin the building. On the field, from Indians, intermarried whites, and other friends, have been raised \$205 more, and we now have a neat, well-built chapel, on land donated by George Patton (known as "Caddo George"), the only adult Christian of the tribe.

On March 27 we opened this house of the Lord in the wilderness, organized a church of twelve members, and since have received three by baptism, one by letter, making a membership of sixteen.

We will strive to keep a hold upon the children in every way, and, with God's help, win their parents and friends to attendance on church services, and thus sow the seed in these benighted hearts which may eventually blossom for His kingdom.

There is no more trying work in India, Africa, or the Philippines than right here among these reservation Indians. It must be done "by littles," amid difficulties and sometimes dangers and discouragements that try our every soul: We are thankful to God for the conversion of Caddo George, and we ask your prayers for this tribe which has never before had the gospel preached to them.

D. NOBLE CRAIG.

Yet a little while,  
Yet a little way,  
Saints shall reap and rest and smile  
All the day.  
Up! let's trudge another mile.

Christina Rossetti

## One Indian Boy.

"WELL, I hope you'll sorter look after him, fur he wuz never away from home, an' I expect he'll be mighty restless. Do all you can to keep him, for I'm mighty 'fraid he'll run off." These were the parting words of an Indian mother as she mounted her horse and rode away from the campus. An hour later as I went out into the hall, I was confronted by the crown of a ragged straw hat surmounting a dusky face, followed by a pair of shoulders covered with a nondescript shirt; then, as he slowly ascended the stairs, there arose gradually to my view a pair of large and heavy trousers, in an advanced state of dilapidation, and dragging slowly along, as if unwilling to follow his body, were two large bare feet, which seemed to be waiting for a thunder shower to wash them clean. Thus revealed, from top to toe, stood a solemn little Indian lad of thirteen years, who had been committed to my special care only an hour before.

But, as the days went by, this solemn-faced little Indian did not prove by his conduct in the class-room and elsewhere to be altogether as grave and serious as one would suppose from outward appearances. First impressions are not always lasting, nor were they in this case, at least with his teachers. For him to be consigned to a seat, under the little old-fashioned clock that hung in the corner of the school-room, was an every-day occurrence. Now this particular seat in the corner was so arranged that the victim was compelled to sit with his face to the wall, and it was the pillory for all pupils who were addicted to the gum-chewing habit, giggling, whispering, and the like; and be it known that the hero of my story was not infrequently guilty of such misdemeanor, and instead of holding himself strictly to the subject in hand, and confining his thoughts to his lesson, he was more often on furtive mischief bent, and it was not an unusual thing to find him plotting a scheme to tunnel the skin of his nearest neighbor by the peculiar adjustment of a pin with a very sharp point; but one thing was noticed in him, for which he was ever to be commended, and which always gave encouragement to his teachers: this was the fact, that, however mischievously inclined the other boys all about him might be during the evening study period, my charge found between the covers of his United States history a never-failing source of interest and enjoyment. Occasionally a book of travels, "Buffalo Bill's Wild West," or one of James Fenimore Cooper's stories was substituted for it; but one thing was evident, and that was, that he had a natural taste for reading, and the books of his choice were those which would naturally be selected by any ambitious, daring youth of his age.

At the school commencement the following June, after his arrival in the autumn, his mother visited him for the first time. The special object of her visit was to bring a real "store bought" shirt for him to appear in at the school exhibition; but I shall never forget her tone of utter chagrin and disappointment when she said: "The boy he won't wear store shirt; he say it scratch him—too much stiff." Notwithstanding our united efforts to persuade him that on particular occasions, like the present, it was the proper thing for him to sacrifice his clothes line suspender and

blue hickory shirt, for the more dignified article of civilized dress, he stubbornly persisted in his refusal to wear the "store bought" shirt, and it found its way back into the basket, as immaculate as when it was brought forth. This energy of will characterized his after life.

At the close of his second year he displayed a particular fondness for mathematics, and proved himself to be the possessor of more than ordinary reasoning powers. He stood at the head of his class in spelling, and more than once took the prize in history.

In his Freshman year there was awakened in him a real interest in the things about him; but it was not until his senior year that the crisis of his life was reached, and his ambitions were thoroughly aroused. It was for him the dawning of a new era. There came to him a broader conception of human life and destiny. He not only began to realize the benighted condition of his own race, and his duty to do his part in freeing them from the slavery of superstition and ignorance in which they are held, but he conceived the thought that, to be a true philanthropist, his sympathies must reach out and touch not only the Red man but the pale-faced brother as well; that his interests must not be confined to any particular race or locality, but that they must be world-wide; that to grow, and expand, and become cultured in the truest sense, he must, at the same time, help others to grow and expand.

His higher education also revealed to him the fact that to fulfil our highest destiny, the body must be made a fit instrument to serve the mind and soul, and there must be a development not only of the moral and intellectual, but of man's physical powers as well. During his college course he was a hearty supporter of athletics, and as a half-back on the University foot-ball team of '97, won the applause of his schoolmates and the respect of his opponents. He was graduated from Indian University in June of '98 with high honors, and has since that time occupied the position as principal teacher in one of our leading Indian schools. The fact that twice during the year his salary has been raised, without solicitation on his part, proves the appreciation of his worth by his patrons. He is not only regarded as a superior instructor, but is taking his place, as a social and political leader, among his people.

The following clipping from a letter received from him a few days ago, by the President of the Indian University, proves that he has risen above all tribal relations and affiliations, and that he recognizes as his neighbor, and as an object worthy of his benevolence, any person of whatever race or color who needs his help.

"I desire to help my friend——to get started in school. I think he will make a successful man of himself. He has no money and no friends who can help him. If you will permit me, I will pay his expenses for the rest of this year. He is a white boy from a good family."

After reading the above can it be doubted for one moment that Christian education for the Indian pays? This is but one instance of many I could relate in which it has paid a hundred-fold.

MINNIE PRATT.

Bacon, I. T.

## Sallie Williams.



ALLIE WILLIAMS, whose picture appears in this issue of ECHOES, is a Choctaw girl of sixteen, and has lived ten years at Atoka Baptist Academy. She was one of the first who came to the home, timid and forlorn in her loneliness. Her mother died when Sallie was a baby, but her father was a Choctaw preacher of much ability. He died however when the little girl was only four years old. Her great aunt moved to Atoka, and brought Sallie and other orphan children with her, determined to give them a good education. Her health failed and she returned to her home to die, but left the children. Because of these homeless orphans, the boarding department of the Academy was opened. The First Baptist Church of Meriden, Conn., has supported Sallie Williams for a number of years. When in Atoka, last autumn, I saw this young lady, a sweet, modest, capable girl, a sincere Christian, and an honor to the institution. She played very sweetly upon the piano, and has earned money by giving some lessons. With these facts we are sure added interest will be felt by our readers as they look upon her picture.



SALLIE WILLIAMS.

REV. J. S. MURROW, the beloved missionary at Atoka, I. T., received, not long ago, a letter from one of the Choctaw Christians. It was written in the Choctaw language, but was interpreted and sent to us.

*My Dear Old Brother.*—I wish to ask you for something—only one thing. I have been thinking how much we all think of you. You have been like a father to us. Now you are getting old, and, as it was not intended for us to live here always, you are now at the time of life, which, like the setting sun, is almost past. We think of it with sorrow, and I wish very much to have your picture. Can you give it to me? And also one of your family. I rest now from writing.

Your brother, Deacon of Rock Creek Church,  
S. W. SAM.

WHILE in Atoka, I. T., one Sabbath we went into Mrs. Robb's Bible Class, and heard the young men give the Golden Text in the Choctaw language.

Golden text for Nov. 13, 1898.

"Chitokaka yak osh il ai vtukko, nucha pi hulikta kullo yoke; ai ilbussha putta ka vpil vchi yosh oktunih fehua hoke.—Ps. 46:1.

## Articles of Mormon Faith.

5. *We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.*

Men who hold the priesthood possess divine authority thus to act for God; and, by possessing part of God's power they are in reality part of God, and men who honor the priesthood in them honor God, and those who reject it reject God.—*Robert's New Witness for God, page 12.*

I would just as soon think of heaven entering into chaos and of the throne of God being shaken to its foundation, as to think that the Priesthood of the Son of God had gone wrong in its authority, or that the Lord would permit such a thing. It is a dreadful thing to fight against, in any manner oppose the Priesthood.—*Geo. Q. Cannon's Sermon on the Thatcher Matter, Tabernacle, April 5, '97.*

Their priesthood gives them the right to advise and instruct the saints, and their jurisdiction extends over all things spiritual or temporal.—*Sermon by President Snow, Logan Journal, May 20, 1898.*

No man need judge me. You know nothing about it, whether I am sent or not; furthermore, it is none of your business, only to listen with open ears to what is taught you and serve God with undivided heart.—*Bright Young, Journal of Discourse, 1, 341. (See Heb. 7:18, 19; 35; Heb. 10:19-22; Matt. 23:8-12.)*

## A Pagan's Creed.

IN the early days, before the continental railroads were built, a citizen of Oswego, N. Y., travelled on foot from Chicago to the Pacific coast. In the far West he fell in with an Indian tribe and became particularly intimate with the chief. In conversation with him one day he learned the creed of the tribe, which has probably never been placed in print. It is commendable for brevity, if for nothing else. Translated freely from the native tongue it runs thus:

"We came into this world all naked and bare.  
Our journey through life is but trouble and care,  
And when we go out, we know not where,  
If we do well here, we shall do well there."

## Help the Seminole.

WHAT will the Legislature do for the Seminole? The general government has wronged and robbed him; irrepressible white men are encroaching upon the last fields left him, and his domestic animals are unsafe on the range where they were bred. Some of the Seminoles have accepted our offer of tools and seeds; they will attempt to build and to live, as we assure them it is now necessary and proper that they abandon the ways of their people and copy ours. But how shall they live during the change? How shall the expense of building be met, and upon what shall they subsist while they clear the land and grow their first crop? For all that Florida has received from the Indian can she not appropriate a little from her abundance that the failure of the first experiment may not discourage others?—*Times-Union, Fla.*



## American Baptist Home Mission Society.

### Echoes of the Anniversaries at San Francisco.

#### En Route.



HE journey across the continent was delightful. The weather was fine; scenery good and varied; company the best. Each car came to be a Christian household, with devotional exercises in the morning, and delightful intercourse during the day. The grumblers were few and far between. Mr. Main had made his plans well, and is entitled to commendation for the success which, on the whole, attended their execution, and for the patience and courtesy with which he met difficulties. "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee;" hence, it is no wonder that here, and there a break in the arrangements occurred. Those who made the trip will assure their friends that it is not a formidable thing to traverse the continent, and that within the next ten or fifteen years another meeting should be held in the West. Now that the ice has been broken, and those who stood shivering on the brink of a plunge into the unknown West have felt the glow of immersion into its spirit and life, there will be the greatest willingness to try it again.

We venture to suggest Salt Lake City, in 1910, as the place for the next meeting in the West. It is central, easily accessible from all points on the coast, from the East and North by several railway lines. What a splendid meeting might be held there, and what a powerful influence it would have upon all that region where Mormonism is now entrenched!

The Sunday evening service in the Salt Lake Theatre, on the day that we rested in that city, was a surprise to many, the spacious house being well filled. We need to mass our forces at such an anti-Christian centre, in order to impress the deluded people, who think that Mormonism is soon to triumph in the Earth, with the magnitude and the vitality of evangelical Christianity in its world-wide operations. So we suggest Salt Lake City for 1910.

#### Mormonism.

The opportunity to learn about Mormonism from first sources was not lost by many of the pilgrims to the Pacific Coast. They went to the great turtle-back Tabernacle building on Sunday afternoon, where they heard an able discourse to which but slight exceptions could be taken. Evidently the speaker presented to the expected visitors the best side of the system. Baptist preachers held converse with Mor-

mon elders, and visited Brigham Young's grave, with the graves of several wives in the same enclosure.

Our Baptist cause in Utah is making gratifying progress. At the meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, Rev. H. B. Stedman, pastor of the First Baptist church of Salt Lake City, made an excellent address on the aggressiveness of Mormonism. He said that "at no time had Mormonism been so prosperous as to-day, and word has been sent out that it has been decided to put two travelling missionaries into every State in the Union. I predict that if Mormonism makes the same progress in the next five years, it will have secured the balance of power in several States and Territories, and will become a controlling factor in national legislation. Mormonism is not merely a local question,—it concerns the entire nation. Polygamy is being taught with as much aggressiveness as it was before the manifesto of 1890, as it was before Utah begged to be admitted into the Union. The fight against seating B. H. Roberts is not a religious one. It is a fight against a man who is living publicly as a polygamist, and who is a covenant breaker in his attitude concerning polygamy. Were he to be admitted to Congress, Mormons everywhere would regard it as a seal of divine approval upon their religion, and thus the whole system would be stimulated to new zeal in maintaining and propagating this error."

The Home Mission Society adopted strong resolutions against the admission of Roberts, or, in case of his admission, against his remaining a member of Congress. Other religious bodies, particularly the Presbyterian General Assembly, have taken similar action.

California in 1847 had a Mormon contingent who went from New York via Cape Horn, while the Mormon battalion, under General Kearney, went thither by the Santa Fé route. When gold was discovered they made haste to get riches and lost their religious zeal, so that the State was delivered from this curse; but Mormon missionaries are laboring there also, and among the rural population, where religious privileges are slight, they gain access as elsewhere to the homes and to the confidence of the people.

One of the most effective methods of forestalling them, and of evangelizing remote rural communities, is that known as

#### Gospel Wagon Work.

This has a prominent place in the Home Mission activities of California. Rev. Mr. Adams, formerly of Michigan, is the creative genius of the plan, and possesses the executive ability to make it successful. Under his management thirteen wagons, with about twenty workers, are in the field.



The wagons are unique, in that they can be utilized for sleeping when no other accommodations can be had. Brother Adams addressed the Society concerning this work, and awakened much interest therein, particularly when he stated that most of the workers received no salary; that they were dependent upon the people among whom they labored for food, which sometimes was rather scanty, and that they were compelled at times to return for a few months to some remunerative employment in order to earn money to purchase needful clothing. Instances were given where people in some of the rural regions had never heard a gospel sermon, while the children timidly and curiously surveyed the first preacher they had ever seen.

The Home Mission Society will undoubtedly strengthen this feature of its evangelizing work, which has to do with giving the gospel to the destitute, baptizing converts and organizing them into churches. The results thus far have been very gratifying. A hundred Gospel Wagons, under wise management, would be a great blessing in the West.

#### The Chinese.

Probably all who went to the Anniversaries visited "Chinatown." Some went at night, others by day, to see the Joss houses and other places of interest. The services at the Baptist Church edifice were also visited by many, who witnessed with delight about sixty boys and girls in the day school, and about the same number of adults in the night school. Those who heard the pastor of the Chinese Baptist Church, Rev. Tong Kit Hing, pronounced him truly eloquent.

One of the most interesting features of the Anniversaries was that when several Chinese brethren spoke and about twenty sang at the closing session of the Home Mission Society. A striking object-lesson of the power of the gospel was the presence on the platform of Gevan Gnew, formerly a fortune teller, — a very lucrative business, — who, when converted, not only abandoned the business, but, like the converted magicians of old, burned his books of divination.

Rev. E. Z. Simmons, who many years ago was missionary to the Chinese in and around San Francisco, but who has been laboring in China, arrived at San Francisco during the meetings and spoke of the inter-relations of the work here and in China, stating that eight or ten excellent workers in China were converted and trained here, while China has also given us some good men as leaders in the evangelization of the Chinese.

The Chinese mission in Oakland, under the care of Mrs. Egli, a most consecrated woman, is very prosperous. The brethren of that mission gave a reception to some of the representatives of the Home Mission Society and a few others, one evening, which was very enjoyable. Within about two years twenty-four have confessed conversion and have been baptized into the First Baptist Church, of which Rev. C. H. Hobart is pastor, who testifies to their zeal and their consistency as Christians. These brethren contribute, between \$300 and \$400 a year for the support of a native missionary in China. Thus also, Home Mission sowing is bearing fruit for foreign fields.

#### City Missions.

The importance of evangelizing the great cities, and the duty of the Home Mission Society to devote more attention thereto, was strongly advocated in an able address by Dean E. B. Hulbert, of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. There was, however, a disposition to question the accuracy of his statement concerning the alienation of the "working men" from the churches. The vast bulk of "working men" in our cities are foreigners, largely Roman Catholics, and many who are utterly irreligious, whose antipathy to evangelical Christianity is not because of anything they have experienced in their relations with it, but because from infancy they were taught to hate it as the foe of Romanism, or for other reasons than its attitude toward them.

It is a hopeful sign that leading thinkers are applying themselves to the consideration of these city problems which affect so powerfully our civilization. The Home Mission Society has already entered upon this work in a systematic way, and only needs larger resources to prosecute it in a manner that shall be most effective. If it has, at least, \$50,000 annually for this purpose a splendid work could be done. San Francisco itself calls loudly for help in this direction. This great city has peculiar claims upon Baptists of the whole country for help in strengthening and extending our work therein. It is one of the great gateways to the world beyond, and occupies also a commanding influence in the State. About twenty years ago our interest were almost wrecked by audacious men, who vaulted it to leadership. Recovery has been slow, but sure. The Anniversaries were a great uplift to the Baptists of San Francisco. If now this can be followed speedily by energetic effort in city evangelization, the past may be retrieved, and new life and power, fresh hope and courage, may be imparted to all our forces. Through the timely help of the Society one of our churches in that city, in recent years, was saved from disaster. Another needs liberal help, and two other points ought to be speedily occupied. Ten thousand dollars could be wisely used in San Francisco itself within the next two years.

#### The West.

Western Baptists are already no insignificant people. They number nearly 40,000, and are alert and energetic. They were present in goodly numbers at the Anniversaries, and their constant attendance and eager attention gave the Societies better audiences than usual, even to the close. Indeed, the full house at the closing session of the Home Mission Society, after eight days of meetings, was a surprise. About one hundred ministers from the Pacific Coast were in attendance.

Contrasts between the beginnings of our work fifty years ago and now were most encouraging to those who to-day are charged with the direction of our organized work. These were brought out, somewhat, in an address by the Field Secretary of the Society, from which a few extracts are made.

It was shown that the West was not settled by the gradual process which prevailed in the older East, but by strong, rushing, tumultuous tides of population. "In seven years

California had a population larger than that of Michigan or Indiana or Illinois thirty years after their settlement, and as large as that of Massachusetts after two hundred years. It was not the quiet, orderly growth, with the gradual compacting process of the East. People were flung together in enormous masses, chaotically. To keep pace with such progress, the stress and strain in Home Mission work has been unequalled in the world's history. Fields were numerous, and 'urgency' was written in large letters on all."

#### Lack of Women and Children.

In early mission work in the West, one element of weakness — paradoxical as it may seem — was the relative lack of what is called "the weaker sex." Yet, from the time of Miriam's timbrel and Mary's morning visit to the sepulchre, women have been spiritual powers in the Christian church; never more so than now.

But in 1852 California's white population of 200,000 contained only 22,000 women. In 1870 Kansas had 40,000 more men than women in its population of 364,000. In 1890 the women were about five-twelfths of the population in California, three-eighths in Washington, one-third in Montana. In eleven States and Territories, known as the Western Division, the census of 1890 showed a population of 3,027,613, with 537,439 more men than women, over against a superabundance of the latter in the East.

This state of things in society and church life was serious, if there is truth in the toast: "Woman, without her, man becomes a savage." The First Baptist Church of San Francisco was organized, fifty years ago, with four men and two women, one the pastor's wife. Where were the women to teach Sunday school classes; where were the young women, by their saintly winsomeness, to attract wayward young men to Sunday evening services; where the sopranos for choirs; where the organists? Have you not heard of the placard in a frontier church: "Don't shoot the organist, she is doing the best she can?" Gradually the equilibrium between the sexes is being restored, though in some States and Territories there is still much disparity.

Another serious drawback for many years was the lack of children. The church reaps its largest harvest from the youth. Where these are lacking accessions are comparatively few. Even after two years Dr. Wheeler's church in San Francisco numbered only fifteen resident members, and his first attempt at a Sunday school resulted in the attendance of seven adults and one child. California's population of 300,000, in 1853, contained only 11,152 children, many of whom were not Americans.

"Old-timers" tell us that when the first family came into a mining camp, the miners dropped their picks to see the woman, while stubble-faced men gave small sacks of gold dust for the privilege, as they said, of "kissin' the kid." Even a homely woman seemed angelic, and the cooing of a babe had the charm of a cherub's song.

A tactful preacher, from whose congregation of men a mother was about to remove her crying babe, said: "My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and

children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." And all through that audience was heard the sobs of strong men, brushing the big tears from their bronzed cheeks.

But now this Western land is full of youth, with characteristic exuberance giving greeting to the great Christian Endeavor Society, and ranging themselves also under the banner of our Baptist Young People's Union, — the promise and prophecy of better days, if we but vigorously press our work in their behalf.

#### An Earthquake.

Most of the Baptist visitors left for Portland early in the evening of Thursday, June 1st. The few of us who remained were treated to a novel experience about 11:20 o'clock that night, when an earthquake of considerable severity shook the city, and surrounding country, being accompanied with a roaring sound, and violently rocking buildings and contents, thus awakening everybody from their slumbers. No great damage was done, however. Concerning a severer earthquake in 1856, one of our missionaries wrote: "It frightened some of the sinners more than a dozen of Jacob Knapp's sermons." There appears to be no final philosophy on the subject of earthquakes, hence it may be asked whether the sudden departure of so large and weighty a company, as that of the Baptist visitors at San Francisco, may not have somewhat disturbed the equilibrium of things in that quarter?

#### Reflections.

The whole spirit and trend of our denominational affairs on the Pacific Coast appears to be in the right direction. The leadership is excellent; there is a growing *esprit de corps*; the disposition to combine and unify our forces in missionary and educational work is marked; and the zeal of our people is most commendable. There is no doubt that new life will be infused into the whole denomination on the coast, as the result of the very successful series of meetings at San Francisco. Both in the effect there as well as upon those who went from the East, the Anniversaries on the Pacific Coast have richly paid, as will doubtless become more evident in the years to come.

#### Indian University.

BY PRESIDENT J. N. SCOTT.

THE year that has just closed has been a successful one — successful in the grade of students, in the class-room work, and in the religious results. Only those who have wrought in a community of this sort can appreciate the difficulty of securing the attendance of advanced pupils for earnest work. So little education is sufficient, according to the popular notion, that young men and young women are easily convinced that anything like a University course of study is entirely superfluous. This point of difficulty reveals to us, however, our work.

It is the business of Indian University to promote the idea of high culture and true scholastic ideas. The results already achieved are full of encouragement. The best

## Home Mission Echoes

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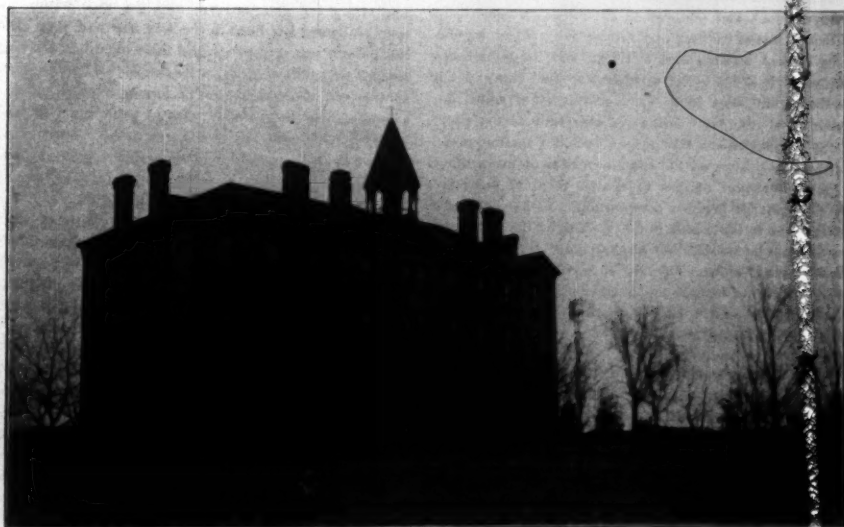
schools of Indian Territory are to-day manned by our graduates. They are everywhere known as substantial factors in the uplift of this Territory.

### Notes of Progress.

Considerable additions have been made this year to the resources of the school. Additional class-rooms were provided, so that it has been possible to make a much better classification of our work, and also to bring the instruction into closer touch with the pupils. There have been also additions to the faculty, which have added strength to it, and so the work has been made to prosper. Then, too, it was determined upon at the opening of the year to discourage the attendance on this school of all except

### An Open Door.

Indian University has reached that point in its development where it is able to multiply its usefulness many fold by the addition of slight equipment. This institution was planted for the training of preachers and teachers for the people of this Territory. Much of the work has already been done, but we ought at once to enlarge our facilities so as to multiply this work ten-fold. The demand is very heavy upon us for some sort of training for the Indian teachers and preachers; they must have some sort of systematic training for the ministry. Almost all of the full-blood ministers of the Territory are men of limited training. This perhaps is one reason why the develop-



INDIAN UNIVERSITY.

those who were willing to give themselves earnestly to continuous study. By reason of this the enrolment of the school has been less than the previous year, although the average attendance has been about the same, and, what is most gratifying, the advanced classes have had a larger enrolment. The results in the class-room have fully justified the plan. The pupils have not been slow to see the immense advantage coming to them under the new régime, and already we have had applications from a large number of advanced students of the Territory, who wish to enter school next fall; in fact, the advertisement given the school has, we believe, been of the right sort, and will bring to our doors a large number of better students than have ever presented themselves before. It seems almost cruel to turn away pupils; but the right plan seems best to follow, even though it work a hardship upon some families. The results have proven the wisdom of the plan.

ment of the tribal life has been so slow. It seems to us who are on the ground that if our great constituency only knew all the splendid openings, they would see to it that we have room and teachers, so that this work might be done.

The religious condition of the school is perhaps better than ever before. Most of the students are now Christians. The Indian, as well as the white pupils, have responded with singular directness and frankness to the gospel of Christ. We believe that some of them will become efficient laborers as ministers, as evangelists, and as teachers.

### Our Plans.

Unless an unlooked-for amount of money is put at our disposal soon, we shall probably be obliged to content ourselves to build additions to the present building, in order to meet the immediate and imperative demands for more

room. The plans are now being perfected for the enlargement. We must spend about \$12,000 in order to furnish the room sufficient to meet the pressing call.

Already we have begun the accumulation of funds. One good sister, Mrs. J. E. Nye of Iowa, has given \$1,000. We have begun to canvass for funds in Muskogee, I. T., and have already raised something over \$1,000. We shall secure not less than \$3,000 in this vicinity, then we are to canvass, as thoroughly as possible, throughout the Territory. We hope, however, that our New England friends may not consider us as able to get along without their sympathy and cooperation at the present time. New England surely owes something to Indian education in these last years of the nineteenth century. We have appropriated the Indian lands, and have founded the mightiest nation of modern times and possibly of all times; but they have been driven to the frontier and harassed by unjust legislation, by broken treaties and evil men and by unfortunate conditions. It is not to be wondered at that many of the more intelligent ones look upon every sort of white aggression as an unmixed evil, even when the whites come to them offering them the gospel and the spelling-book, and yet the only hope of the Indian race, as of every other race, is in Christian culture to enable them to meet the fierce demands of modern competition. In his untrained state he takes to the woods rather than fight the industrial and economic battle with his Anglo-Saxon neighbors. He wishes to be left alone. We are endeavoring to stand by him, to stretch out to him the hand of Christian sympathy and brotherhood, and to help him into a better life.

*Bacone, I. T., May 26, 1899.*

### Mexico: A Row of Fourteen.

**T**HEY stand before us, in the First Baptist Church of the City of Mexico, to receive the hand of fellowship. Nothing unusual in seeing fourteen people, or more, receive a welcome into a Baptist church, but these people are nearly all of them converts from Romanism, or are members or descendants of Roman-Catholic families, and every one has a history. There are two or three whom we need not mention, and one or two others who come in the capacity of Christian helpers in the work, whose advent among us, while of great interest to us, would not illustrate the kind of work done.

We look over these fourteen with loving curiosity. At the extreme right stands a man with his wife and a daughter of twelve years of age. When we first came to Mexico in 1884, this man, a shoemaker, cobbled for us a pair of shoes. He was a violent fanatic. His wife was a more rabid Romanist than himself. We had frequent conversations, he and I, on the subject of religion, but we never could induce him to enter our church. On our return to the country, six years ago, we visited his shop again, and an earnest invitation induced him to try our Sunday school, "to see what it was like," he said. He came often, but it was long before his wife would come. He is a very intelligent man, and the Biblical discussions pleased him. He was finally converted, his wife also, then the

little daughter, and now the son, a youth of thirteen or fourteen, is seeking the way. This man has proved so useful and steadfast, that I have great hopes of seeing him a deacon in the Baptist church, an office we have not yet filled.

Next to these friends stands a young girl whose parents are stout Presbyterians, her father an elder in that church in this city. She dropped into our Sunday school when she was quite small, and one day witnessed a baptism, and heard a sermon on the subject of that ordinance. She has been a Baptist ever since, notwithstanding earnest efforts to take her away from us. Several years ago she wished to be baptized, but her parents withheld their consent until she was of age, when, they said, they would no longer refuse, if Eva still wished to follow the Saviour in that way. The long-wished-for time arrived, and the girl, happy as an angel, followed her Lord in the way she had long desired. Her parents were present to add their blessing. A younger sister is now following Eva's footsteps. By her side stands another girl, the daughter of a former faithful missionary among us, who lives now far distant from here, but has left her daughter in this city to be educated. Sarah, too, has learned to love her Lord, and she made a good profession.

Then we come to a young boy who has long been attending services in our mission chapels. By his side are his mother and sister, these the fruits of work done by our Bible women. Then we come to an American lady who has left her home and friends in the United States to start a kindergarten among these priest-ridden people. Tears fill her eyes as she listens to the words of welcome, and she knows that any work, and all kinds of work done here for the poor and destitute, will be appreciated not only by her Lord but by her co-workers. We have long since ceased to dictate to the Almighty as the methods to be employed in saving men. For ourselves we prefer the preaching of the gospel; but if schools, medical missions, sanitariums, kindergartens, printing-presses, Bible and tract distribution, will hasten the coming-in of the Kingdom, we welcome them, bid them Godspeed, and use them.

And now we come to two devoted young Christians, man and wife, who have come to the City of Mexico to help in the work. He is of a good Mexican missionary family, and she a suitable helpmeet, and great joy fills our heart while we welcome them. The burden and heat of the day has been severe enough, but now "Titus has come," and others will help to carry our load. God be praised.

Next month others will receive the hand of fellowship, and two or three interesting cases are ready. Another, a young man, a simple-minded Indian, but true as steel, who has been our church sexton for several years, will put on the Lord in baptism next Sunday. These are routine matters, but they fill our hearts with great gladness, as showing that the Lord has not forgotten Mexico.

Our work at Guadalupe is in excellent shape, and when we secure a cabinet organ for that place, and make some desirable changes in the seating arrangements, we believe there will be a great increase of interest.

WILLIAM H. SLOAN.

*City of Mexico, May 17, 1899.*





# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY  
ANNA SARGENT HUNT:

## Our Girls.



### MY DEAR GIRLS:

We send to you our summer greeting from the shore of one of our beautiful Maine lakes, — Cobbosseecontee — the Indian name, signifying "the place of large water." It seems hard to believe, and yet it is doubtless true, that the very haunts in the woods we have come to love so well were once familiar spots to the Redmen — that their light canoes once skimmed the waters where our own boats toss as carelessly as if they had not supplanted the crafts of the by-gone times.

The same sun that kisses the restless waves, as they hurry to the shore this July noon, is only repeating his lover-like action of old, and the same moon that will to-night ride proudly across the heavens shows no trace of age, and tells no tales of the past.

We cannot question that Indian youths and maidens once rowed merrily out into the shining track as do our boys and girls of to-day, and the life we now live is only a new edition of the joys and sorrows, the sunshine and the shadow of other days.

At all times and in all places we remember our dear Baptist girls. We know that some of you are during these summer days entering heartily into the delights of just such a page of Nature as our picture gives us where

ferns and flowers and rippling brooks form sweetest setting for happy, restful hours, — we know that *all* of you have legions of blessings that come from the love of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and from the possession of the gospel story.

Our topic this month — the Indians — has caused us to think especially of those we have mentioned, and we gladly copy what *Kind Words* tells us about the women and girls of some of the tribes to whom the light has not come: —

"The girls do not enjoy a life of elegant ease and leisure, and know little or nothing of the pleasures of childhood as our children do. This is a life of actual slavery. The dogs owned by their fathers and brothers for hunting are treated with greater kindness and consideration than they are. They are made to work the farm, if there is one, look after the ponies, and do everything and anything else that the men of their family should do, but which they leave for the women and girls.

"Looking after the ponies is not a very small matter in itself, for you know Indians count their wealth by the number of ponies they own. Therefore, it is their ambition to own a great many. Frequently they purchase their wives with ponies. The girls are made to marry very young, — that is, as soon as a good price is offered, — and it has been known to occur that a girl not more than ten or twelve years old would be sold to an old man six or seven times her age for his wife, when he would have, perhaps, four or five others; for you know it is their custom to have as many wives as they can purchase. The poor little girl wife then goes into a slavery worse than the first, because she is not only the slave of her husband, who is a hard and cruel taskmaster, but, in his absence, is the drudge of his other wives, who beat and ill-treat her as much as they choose.

"If an Indian woman is so unfortunate as to live long enough to be unable to work, she is considered worthless and in the way. She is abused and neglected by those whose duty it is to love and cherish her.

"However, the men and boys have an easy time, and when they are not off hunting they are lying around their tent, smoking their pipes, beating their wives and daughters, and having what they consider a good time generally."

Our girls, by their prayers and gifts, may bring into these sad and empty lives of our brown-skinned sisters much of the brightness that comes with the glad tidings of salvation. Let each one read the story of the young Indian wife, Dew-of-June, in the little folks' department.

## Our Little folks.



A CHEYENNE BABY. — EVA FRISBEE TASSO.  
Three months old.

**W**HAT would you think, little folks, to see your baby brothers and sisters packed away in this fashion? The happy face before you is pretty good proof that the buffalo-hide case, fastened to a cradle board a foot wide and three feet long, makes as good a nest for the Indian child as softest wools or eider down.

The cases are sometimes plain, but are often ornamented with furs, feathers, or bead work. While at work the mother frequently carries the cradle with its little-occupant on her back, or places it against a tree. At other times suspended from the roof of the lodge or swinging in the breezes from the branch of a tree the baby is happy as the day is long.

In making long journeys, when the child has grown too heavy to be carried on the mother's back, a wicker cage fastened to poles lashed to the sides of a steady going horse, the ends trailing on the ground, is a nice little place for the young traveller. A little later they are mounted with the mother on horseback, but when four years of age are thought to be old enough to ride without special care.

### An Indian Mother's Requiem.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!  
Wave gently, grasses, wave,  
Wave a cover for the grave,  
While the whispering zephyrs keep  
Faithful watch, above, around,  
Thy small wigwam in the ground.  
Wild bees hum a lullaby  
In the springtime while I cry,  
While I cry.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
When you hear the white owls whir;  
When the winter winds are high,  
And the red fox passes by,  
Do not stir.  
When the snow is falling chill  
On my lodge behind the hill,  
When the wolf cubs starve and die,  
Listen! you shall hear me cry,  
Hear me cry.

### An Indian's Bible.

**A** MISSIONARY visited an Indian boy who was sick. He found him dying of consumption, and in great poverty, in a small birch-covered tent, with a few dry leaves under him, and an old blanket to cover him. He said: "My poor boy, I am very sorry to find you in this condition; if you had let me know, I would have taken you where you would be more comfortable."

The poor boy said, "I want but little now, but I should like something softer to lie on, as my bones are very sore."

The missionary asked him if he was ready to die.

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "for Jesus died to save me, and I am very happy."

The missionary saw a Bible near him, and said: "You have a friend there. I am glad, and hope you find something in it to help you."

Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, and, smiling, said slowly: "That, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me. I have read it much, and thought about what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg—two hundred miles away. When I was on my way home, about half way, I remembered that I had left my Bible. I turned back, and was by myself, tossing to and fro, nine days before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and I determined never to part with it again. I thought I would have it buried with me, but I have since thought that I had better give it to you to give away, so it may do some one else good, as it has done me."—*Ex.*



ANCIE KING, A LITTLE CHOCTAW GIRL.

INDIAN girls are very fond of their dolls, and the boys of their hobby horses. We are told that the sunflower stalk, with one nodding blossom left upon the end, is a favorite pony.

## Only a Picture.

DEW-OF-JUNE was sad, for Arrow-Head, her husband, had just scolded her roundly because she had not finished the slippers for him to take to the village to sell. But Dew-of-June had had to hoe the corn, cook the meals, and take care of little White Eagle, her baby. And besides, until to-day, the hide was not sufficiently dry to be sewed.

Arrow-Head had gone off to the village in a pout, and she dreaded his home-coming, notwithstanding the fact that he was to bring her some bright beads with which to embroider the new slippers. But Arrow-Head drank "fire-water" in the village; then he would be cross with the little wife, and would sometimes beat little White Eagle.

Arrow-Head did not want any supper that night. The "fire-water" made him sleepy, and after rudely tossing the package of beads at his wife, he rolled himself in his blanket, and lay down on the dirt floor to sleep off his drunkenness.

Dew-of-June was thankful to escape the usual beating and scolding, and called little White Eagle to see the pretty bright beads. They were wrapped in a piece of an old copy of *Kind Words*. The little Indian woman could not read, but what did that picture mean? Had any one been killed recently? She had not heard Arrow-Head say anything about it. The dead man must have been a very great criminal, for surely only a great criminal could deserve such a death—nailed to a cross, and left there to die. But he did not look like a bad man; the face was kind, showing only love and pity. She gazed at it a long time, and then carefully put it away to ask Arrow-Head about it when he should awaken.

Next morning she asked timidly: "Arrow-Head, has any one been killed in the village?"

"No. Why?" said he.

"Look at this," said Dew-of-June, showing him the picture. But he knew nothing about it.

"I shall ask the pale-faced lady," said she, "when I go to sell my berries."

Mrs. Gray bought the berries, but as Dew-of-June did not seem ready to go, she asked: "Have you anything else to sell, or can I do anything for you?"

"Who is this?" asked Dew-of-June, drawing the picture from her bosom.

"That is Christ. Do you not know about Him?"

"Dew-of-June don't know. Christ bad man?"

"Bad! Of course not. He was the only good man," said Mrs. Gray.

"Arrow-Head good, when don't drink 'fire-water.' What Christ do? What for they kill Him?"

"Ah, Dew-of-June, sit down, and let me tell you about Him, and I am sure you will love Him."

Mrs. Gray had often experienced the blessedness of telling the "old, old story" to those who had never heard, and she found Dew-of-June a willing, eager listener. When she had finished, the little Indian woman was weeping.

"Son of Great Spirit know about Dew-of-June, and love her?" she asked.

"Would He have died for you had He not loved you?"

"Son of Great Spirit love Arrow-Head, too?"

"Yes; He loves and died for Arrow-Head, too, but He does not like for Arrow-Head to get drunk. He wants us to be good children, and to do what He tells us to do."

"What He want us to do? Dew-of-June do it."

Struck by her willingness to obey, Mrs. Gray explained some of the duties of a Christian, and begged Dew-of-June to come to her often, that she might teach her more about the Son of the Great Spirit.

"I come to-morrow," she said, "and bring more berries."

Dew-of-June thought about all she had heard, as she walked home with little White Eagle strapped to her back.

"We must tell thy father, little Eagle; for surely he would not drink the 'fire-water' if he knew." How much easier it was for her to talk in her own soft tongue.

Having finished the evening work, she timidly approached her husband, saying: "Arrow-Head, I sell some berries to-day; here is the money." He took the money and grunted in acknowledgment.

"And I heard about the picture," she said. "It was beneath the dignity of an Indian man to show any curiosity, but as he did not stop her, Dew-of-June told him the sweet old story so new to her. When she had finished, Indian like, he waited awhile before replying, then said in the language of the pale faces, 'Big lie.' He explained that if Christ had been a Son of the Great Spirit, He would have had the spirit of an Indian, and would have been revenged upon His persecutors. But Dew-of-June knew that He died for her, and she meant to serve Him and pray to Him. She went often to see Mrs. Gray, who taught her hymns and texts, and promised to see that Mr. Gray should talk to Arrow-Head, and tell him about the dear Saviour who loved him well enough to die for him.

Dew-of-June had worked and sung and prayed several months when she began to notice a change in Arrow-Head. Had Mr. Gray talked to him, and was he, too, beginning to know the Son of the Great Spirit? It had been a long time since he had drunk "fire-water;" he did not scold her any more, and he would actually play with little White Eagle in the evenings. One day when he returned from the village he brought her a pretty pink calico dress.

"Oh, Arrow-Head," said Dew-of-June, "you are so good to me now."

"No, little squaw, I am not good, but I have that Man on the cross in here," said he, pointing to his heart.

The sun is almost down. Before it sets, let us take one farewell glance at our Indian friends as they kneel together to thank the Great Spirit for the matchless gift of His blessed Son. — *Kind Words*.

## Reverence.

REVERENCE is one of the Indian's strongest traits. His language contains no oath, nor any word to express even disrespect to the Great Spirit. If he swears, it is because white men have taught him to do so. A missionary said that one need never hesitate to preach to Indians, in their own tongue, for fear that his mistakes will be ridiculed. Their reverence for God will not allow them to laugh at his messenger. — *Selected*.